Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiestie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For first he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterward by substitute betrothed
To *Bona*, sister to the king of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made prise and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduc t the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

Line 1. whether 15 of me.
Line 8 my ripe revenew — 34 of a many —

To base declension and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got,
This *Edward*, whom our maners terme the prince:
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to bless vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie:
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not y eeld to you.
Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our sute or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds Ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
Cat. Call them again, my L. and accept their sute.
Ano. Do, good my Lord, least all the land do rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
Cosen of Buckingham, and you sage grauemen,

Line antepenult. intreates.